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calvert



This is the first time I've written in two months

A herd of birds flying in circles wake me
My toes want to dance.
I still feels sleepy.

Lets talk about ourselves for awhile.
Let's sit in a small circle of three.

I am a thin-shinned elk stepping through gentle beartraps.
I'd better wake up.
The bed and the weight of dust on my chest feels bad.
I fear vacuum cleaners, and Windex.

This room is a turd drowning in an
ocean of cheap wine. Its walls are
orange, and I ride it down, singing:

"If turds are words
and words are turds,
So glad to see ya,
Encyclopedia Britannicaaaaaa"

This soup only reflects how I feel. I get
thoroughly disgusted with myself and
eat it anyways.

I sit in my room unable to do anything but sit.
Someone has cut my hair.
I have no strength.
I sit here like a flea on a dead dogs ass.

— george kressley

The gypsy cow flirts from her table
overgrowing with jimson and milkweed.
One horn curls into her dark eye,
the other sawed scar-white.

She dances a cud-munch
over the foot-high weeds.
"Put my hoof in the air.
Prance the high-heavy high-heavy . . . Hmm-Oh!
Simmer over to the new flowers
& churn the old juices. Yelp.
These sure taste good."

Her farmer fathers his teeth with a stalk
of grass pickt under the fence. His look tells
me that she's butter the second time 'round,
but she's not yet ready for her first.

Not that I want to rip off your daughter.
I want to taste her wholesome drink & dance
the dance of summer flies. Over meadows
I'll lark after your brown soft lass,
'til I am satisfied and foolish as she.

— jim hook



ned bernton

To Tobey, After the Audition

Got a note from Central Casting
That says I'm to be

The Summer Sun, looking down on some dumb flower.
How simply marvelous
To be a bright and shining ninety million miles away!
But I guess we can't all be stars.

Stanislavsky would have said —
There are no small parts,

Just small actors, — so I'll do my best,
Smile down and hope the flower blossoms toward me.
And with a little luck,
I might get a chance to be The Gardener.

— ken baskin



charlene goldblatt

Granny You Weren't Worth The Job

The silence seemed to last the length of a medieval siege; we built and pulled catapults into place over a period of dark ages weeks, while we guarded all the town gates; then, we waited like invaders for the fall of the town. I waited for her silence to stop; she waited for me to start like a pheasant flying quick up out of the brush from my silence. Nothing.

I'm 20 years old and impatient; when I meet old people their smiles say, "You're 16 and must be a great help to your mother." My smile levels back at them and startles them out of their dreams with a brash and haughty, "No, I'm 20 and you're wrong about my mother." It is a disturbing smile and makes them gather their years about their shoulders like a shawl and rustle away thinking, "My how times have changed," or "But her smile seemed so innocent and sweet at first!" Silvie wasn't afraid of that smile though; she talked right through it in order to fight the loneliness that crouched around her much more fiercely than my smile did or even could. In the early evening she would sidle up to me as I sat in the park across the street from the apartment and she would pounce on all my peaceful evening time and fill it full as a successful hunting pouch with all her worries and cares. I would sit and listen; quietly, carefully handling all her egg-delicate problems with that feeble human concern called listening. I listen like a tape recorder that can nod its head; patient, spinning at a

constant speed, careful to record the exact intonations of words so that I can understand; nodding slowly, exactly, periodically. It's only possible for me to listen though; sympathy assumes too much and advice is that whistling hard ball flinging itself out of my ballfield. But this is her story, not mine; I'm only the tape playing back through all her time and worry up to the present, the moment of our silence.

She was plainly neurotic; there was no way that this world could be made safe for her, no way. She cut bitterly into the lives of those around her with her gossip like a stray dog ripping into its first meat in weeks. Her constant anger smothered her; it piled itself around her, protecting her as if she were a maggot buried deep within a dunghill. Unable to believe in a merciful God she cried every night to the only god that she could conceive of. This god was a cold, spitefully unmerciful god who cared nothing.

Her husband had been much like that too — callous, hard and he cared nothing. When she had told him about the third baby he had glared at her, silently taken his coat and left. In the blue bar which he went to, he plastered himself into an unbelievable dimension. When he came back three days later he slammed the door coming in, went to the kitchen where he wasn't speaking enough to her even to ask for a beer so poured it himself and sat down in front

of the T.V. (It was Sunday, football season.) "He was horrible," she said. He set her free 19 years later (after the kids grew up) by promptly divorcing her the August after the boy graduated.

She was free and 53.

The door to her new apartment (downstairs from mine) had three locks on it. She had had to buy and install two of them, the landlord being just short of a crook. They, all three of them, were always locked, whether she was at work or home at night, day off, day in, day out. The locks supposedly protected that scraggly burglar-haunted woman.

Burglars believing that well-locked homes guard something of value, broke those three locks as if the breaking were a weekly ritual. That they were thwarted was never the fault of any Schlage lock; there just wasn't anything to steal. The room, so bare and white with a small bed by the window and a chest against the wall, could have belonged to any nun. In the kitchen there was a built-in table and an insignificant chair. Sylvie cared nothing for any of these worthless objects.

Her constant care and fear was rape. Her life had been a growing of awareness about that possibility. As a child, the family women had whispered horror-eyed about Jenny, poor Jenny, her 17-year-old cousin. The men had taken their shotguns and bumbled through the North Carolina backwoods looking for the first old hobo they could find to blame and finding him were stopped from furthering their intent by the timely arrival of the sheriff and his deputy, whose advice was, "Put away those guns, men. We have old Crazy Jeb down the jail; cryin' said he did'n mean to do it." Sylvie explained that this was her first awareness. Her mother told her about the "evil" in rather circumspect terms saying, "When they want to do it, let em. They might kill you otherwise. Don't give em no hard times, just lie there, don't fight; they'd just kill you." Sylvie captured this little ideological gem early and crafted it into her jewel box of facts about getting on in life, even though at the time she didn't know what "it" happened to be.

Later, too late, her mother let the "facts of life" as Sylvie (and probably her mother, too) so delicately put it, slip out. When? On the eve of her wedding. And that mother is not alone, but one in a class of millions of mothers from Fort Bragg, California to the Fort Bragg in North Carolina where she grew up, who tell daughters to submit passively to rapists across the nation. Along with this warped-out sage and worthy advice her mother never let her go anywhere unchaperoned even for a peaceful evening stroll, but always nagged, "Tell your brother (whom she hated and the feeling was reciprocal) to walk along with you," or "Nice girls don't go walking the streets at night." Her mother gave her the very same advice as mine gave me when I moved to the city,

"Now, don't you ever go walking alone; the city is full of dangerous people. You'll get robbed and being a girl they'll rape you, too." An in the bargain sort of deal for the average thief-type.

There are two things you can do about advice like that: ignore it which I did; or take it applying it the letter, adding a few paragraphs of your own for good measure like she did. Granted: cities are nutty places and there are all sorts of crazies out to get you, taking extra advantage of the fact that you're a scared little old lady. But unless you want to hide behind triple-locked doors all your life day and night, you have to knock down your fear to get out from behind those doors.

Take an average city — about six hundred thousand people live there, approximately half of whom are female and about ninety percent of those potentially rapable (ten percent or so are infants, invalids, president's wives with constant Secret Service escorts, etc.). There are then about 270 thousand largely unguarded women per average city. Now at the most there are 10 or 12 weirdos running around at any given time looking for someone to molest, rape, steal from, beat-up, etc. Then why, unless in groups, why in the name of all that is sensible do women cower behind doors 24 hours a day, running alone down to the supermarket for a quick scurry up and then down the aisles then back behind locked car doors when the odds are clearly against their potential rape? Why: because rape happens and they are afraid. Some things must be ignored to get by though, and it's a crazy jail sentence to live afraid behind your own doors like Sylvie does. I didn't say this though; she wasn't going to change her rapist-around-every-corner vision of the world because of my feebly persuasive argument, so I didn't waste my time. Besides I'm a tape-recorder, remember, not a psychiatrist or a social worker.

Because of all the times that her apartment had been burgled, the number and intricacy of her locks and alarms doubled and quadrupled like a Malthusian nightmare. Its security began to take on the proportions of a junior Fort Knox, and after a while the burglars were finally locked out effectively. An uneasy peace came over Sylvie. For awhile she ran out of bad dreams to tell me about the next day. The quality of our *tetes a tetes* depreciated accordingly all she could pour out then were her conscious fears which lacked the imagination of her dreams. Callous of me? Well at least I still listened and had been doing so for three months.

"Hello, Sylvie," I said. "Know what all those sirens were about last night?" Her face was a frightened pastry-colored white. At first she stuttered something I couldn't understand, but by the second sentence she had gotten her brain-to-tongue coordination up to par and continued much slower.

"I was robbed last night; and the man, well," she

hesitated, "he tied me up and gagged me. I was so sure that he would, well, violate me. I couldn't tell you what he looked like even if I saw him right now walking down the street; I was so scared and he had a stocking pulled down over his face which smashed down his nose and cheeks; I couldn't really make out his face. I woke up; the window by my bed was being rattled real loud, not like the wind, but like the lock was being fiddled with. I froze up just as he got it open and I couldn't move, as I said. The man came crawling right over top of me across my bed and when he saw me, he said, 'Don't be scared, granny, I'm just coming through. Don't scream or nothin' and I won't hurt you.' When he saw that I was alone nothing could scare him. I said, 'My son's in the other room, you better watch out; leave and I won't call the police.' But of course I would have called them and you better believe right away."

Good old Sylvie. There are three doors in her efficiency, one to the kitchen, another to the bedroom and the super-locked outside door. Any thief worth his salt could guess where all those doors led to.

"Well, he just laughed, real mean and crazy at me and said, 'Don't worry, just turn around and I'll tie you up real comfortable.' First he gagged me, then he tied me up and set me right down on my bed. I thought he would uh, take me then, but no, he just started pulling all the drawers out of my chest and rummaged around. When he didn't find anything to steal there he grabbed up my purse, saying, "You

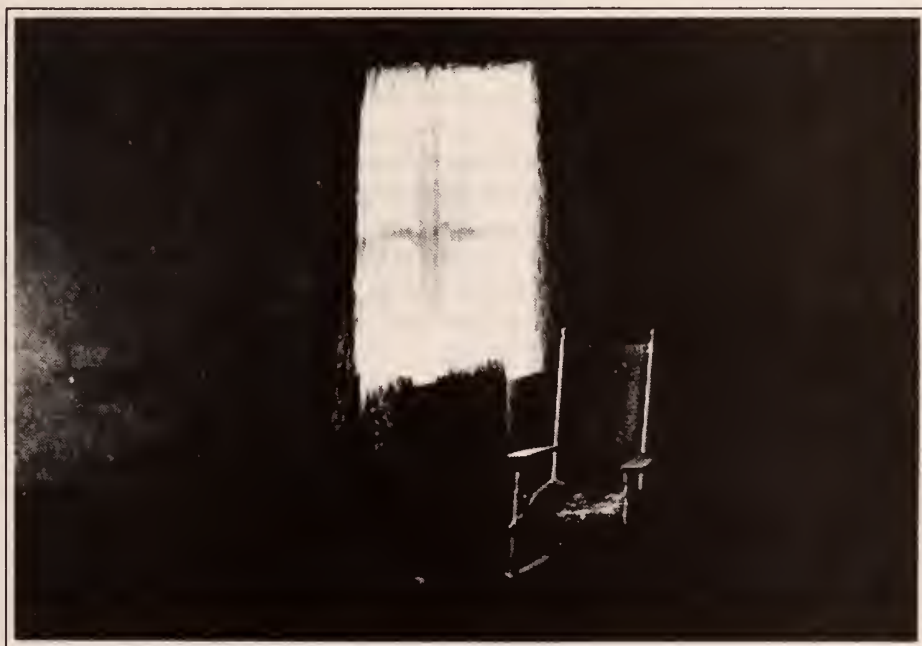
weren't even worth the job, granny,' and climbed back out the window. I was too relieved and scared for awhile to get my senses together or even think of trying to get all the ropes untied but finally I rolled down off the bed and crawled across the floor to the kitchen. I cut the ropes around my wrists on a kitchen knife. Good thing I left it out on the table last night. It cut my hands up some."

I looked at them. There was a white bandage taped across her left hand.

"Then I called the police; they came real quick, about five minutes, and I had to fill in a real long report. One of them said, 'Ma'am, you're lucky he didn't try anything worse or kill you.' Why if he had raped me, I just don't know what I could have done but killed myself for the shame. I've decided to move away to a home where there are guards and I can be safe. I called one up today and set up an appointment to see the place. It sounded real nice and homey-like."

The time of our silence came. There was nothing I could say that would make any sense to her. A bird squawked and twittered in the bush behind me making its baby family worm-filled happy. What could I say; nothing but flip the "play" button and start spinning out this story reeling it out until the flik flik as the tape runs off the reel not even able to rewind myself and retell a a story. But just flik flik flik.

--sharon caravan



steve
budman

Focus

It seems that God's a speck among the specks,
A blossom deep ingrained beyond our day
And night; transparent as the sea reflects
The sun, when evening lifts the light away;

Our vision must be whittled down and smoothed,
Our silence must become a friend before
A god can bloom, before the mind is soothed;
Before the man is meat and something more;

So hand by hand we fetch ourselves to light
Till finally can we fathom what's been done;
And then, when we are sharpened up to sight,
We'll focus out and see our holy one.

— bob fox

Old crow
black throat
black voice
why do you swoop over,
squawking?

Do you think you can scare me
with your death-rattles?
Are you trying to stutter my tongue
with fear?

There is a song in my green kitchen
where I sit on a stool, stirring vegetables:
clank clank of the pans
sizzle of boiling water
soft sifting of flour
my child humming.

There is a rhyming between the linoleum tiles
and my quilted body, patched with squares:
A loose hair falls
in the soup.
I let it fall.
I sing to myself, "This is not all.
This is not all."

Old crow
ugly shadow
croaking and crying
fly over me
fly over me.

— nancy prothro

"Poo-tee-weet" in the Livingroom

Il est la. Il est la, the blue jay
across the way on the gutter
eyeballs you standing on the balcony.
Rain summers down between you.
You tell me through the screen
you dreamt last night: you could hold
and stroke a cardinal at will.
Though crossed with my hung-over self, I turn a smile.
We resolve to sigh,
to return breathless mouths.

(The other window you cant see
holds for an instant an image:
The *Spirit of St. Louis* flies single-engined;
Lindbergh drones the North Atlantic
to show the people how the windows work.)

The screendoor slides shut.
Anguished, youre in the room with me
going out of your way
going out of your mind
"Well, here we are."
Well, well, here we are.
(Last night at the party I caught you again
After circling every stunned light twice,
you landed on my lap. Both of us waiting
for the sandman to sprinkle us into
the same dream of fluffing bed and Parisian kisses.

I dreamt the town where the party was
was Natal, Brazil — Brazil of screaming toucans,
Brazil like Bathurst, breathless of redbirds.
In Gambian tropics I doldrummed the South Atlantic
where no red bird whistled through my window.
There is this curve of my dream
like the beak of a toucan.

I stare straight through the blue of your eyes —
I know. I know . . . Blindly looking
to land too . . . Can you know?

Can you know?

So are we.

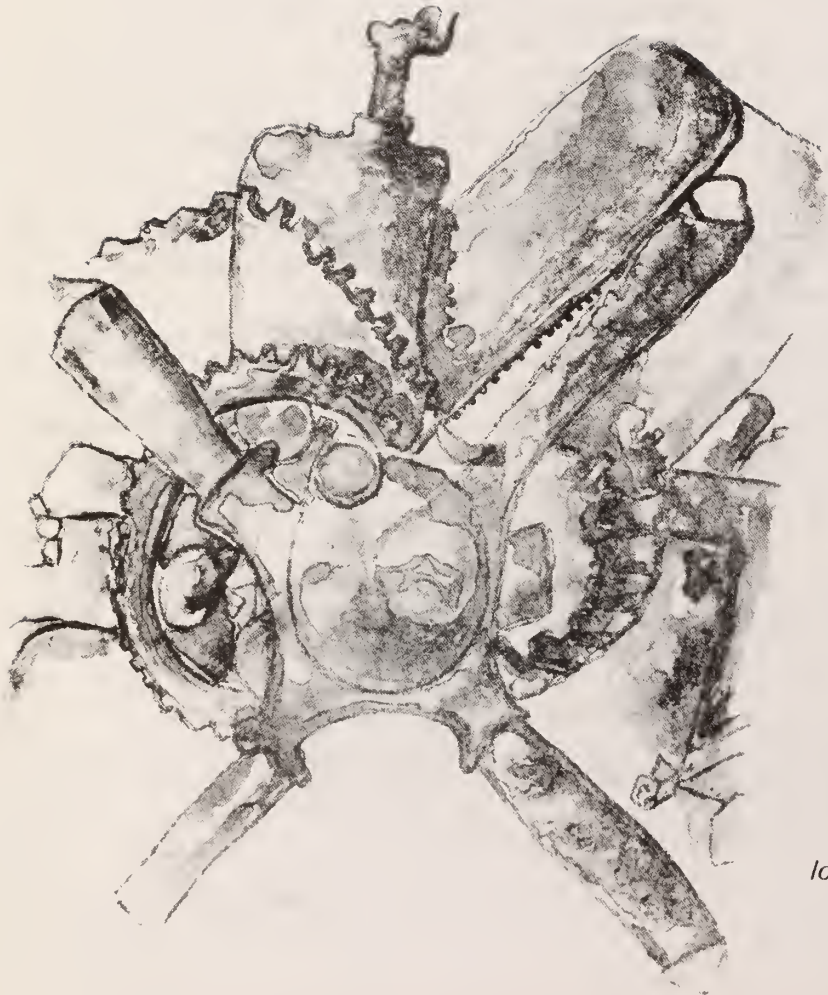
"So we are. So we are."

— jim hook

The Air Show

1. (The Birdman)

The Australian Birdman
Bill Bennet
rose on his kite
today was June 2
and the air was expanding.
Children gazed 500 feet up
at the man grasping the bar.
Birdman Bill Bennet turned his kite
rolled and lolled into the humid currents
until one flippant downdraft
pushed the kite
into a stall.
The man could not fly
could only cling
as his once soaring keeper
dove for the ground.



lori rebela

2. (The Air Race)

Bob
Hoovers
speed
plane
screamed
low
past
the
stands
five
others
on
his
tail
close.
High
pitched
strange
sounding
engines
turned
the
pylons
an
announcer
counted
the
positions
off.
And
then
on the
back
turn
two planes
touched
and just like
a speed time fast
dreaming fragment
Bob Hoovers wing
fell off.
His speed built plane,
small coffin cockpit
slowly turned over
went straight down
over and over
just like
a broken
balsa glider.

3. (The Thunderbirds)

In formation, they dipped and cruised.
Over the p.a. the leaders voice came in,
 "OK Thunderbirds"
"Ready To Line Out For Double-Over Roll".
And they circled on the rise.

But as they passed, moved off for the next,
one technologic sonic engine failed
and the leaders fixed-wing bird
slammed into the trees.

The crowd breathed easy
as his chute
lowered him gently
behind the flaming wreckage.
Their perspective tricked eyes
not knowing that
his body was now just
deep black smoke
across the runway.

— john sery



arnie kramer



steve budman

TO RT
(my roomie who quit the scene)

Hey roomie you could of hung around
I mean for just a while
It's not tough here
We just make it out to be
To glorify ourselves
In our parents sunshine
Hey roomie
What else is there when you're twenty
What else but beer
And grass
And bull shit
In between
No time for life or reality
Because this is the New Camelot
This is the place to be
Because even though nothing ever happens here
Everyone knows that this
Is where it's at
Late nights late mornings
Elevators and other highs
What more could you want
There's even an extra blanket on your bed
And a roomie sitting there
Wondering where you went.

— diana vance



*stanford
barouh*

Elementary

Class:

"There are several methods
of obtaining light
(or at least of pulling it
to a near point
as bent glass does
with the sun).

For example:

Yellow tinted curtains
work well to encourage
pale mornings
to brighten for breakfast.

Or let me suggest
a long pair
of chrome edge skis
to attract some quick portion
of slide light.

At night — for glitter,
flick the floodlights
on a backlot of new snow.

Or, gloveless,
crush a pine sprig of needles
against your palm
and notice the sticky resin shine,
gathering skylight in your hand.

Or, hopefully,
try as I do
to write a poem in darkness,
with the lamp chain
ready
between your teeth."

— allyn cook

kid stuff



mike corlis

The child's imagination is full of the purist trolls, goblins, witches, noises in the attic ever imagined. There is a joyous curiosity going on in the mind of the small that bubbles and foams with little or no outside agitation. Two children when left to themselves can make up a game out of nothing and then proceed to invent variations on that theme. The same thing works with children and writing. Given a minimum amount of direction, children are free to scream, run, jump trip and stumble onto word combinations that more established poets sweat to get back to.

This semester two members of Calvert's staff had the chance to work/play with students in area public schools. Here is some of that:

What I want to see!
I want to see a horse eating ice cream!
Becuacse I want a picture of one.
He would pucker up his lips a cheeks and
puck up his sides, too. And he would
explode! and the horse turned into
dog food! The End

By Anne Thornhill

Haikus

I have many friends.
Some of them pick their noses.
Some of them eat it.

— ellen garcia

School

School is super fun.
But when school is all finished
I would go crush it.

Rhyme

Once upon a time
I thought of the greatest rhyme
But it wasn't great.

— john good

Trees

The tree is an oak.
The leaves turn yellow in fall.
The tree is living.

Squirrels

They play in the trees.
— Squirrels are brown and furry.
Don't stand under trees.

— les sloan



steve budman

If I had a camera I would
tack a picture of a frog
and then I would have
a picture of a frog
and then I would hang
my picture of of the frog
up on the wal and then
I woud stare at It all
day. and the frog looked
lick this It had green spos
on him and he was brone
to he looked like a tod

— greg

I dreamed a about toys
and toys and toys and toys
I hate toys very much

— charlene

I won Miss Kensington
and my mom took a
picture
and I cheese.
and my father took a
picture to
and I cheese.

— sherri

*Listerine Kills
Germs by the Millions*

You always tasted
of listerine
at night breathing
it was all over you like perfume
dipped in.

There must have been times
even when I swam in you
that you were killing me

like the good-by handshake
so antiseptic.

Did you find what it was
the minor scratch, the sore throat
the insect bite
which bothered you so?

Or is it that now in loneliness
I see you float
in my bottle of listerine

slush in my mouth
linger till morning.

— ritch kepler



steve budman

Drunk on a Summer Night in Baltimore

1.

Behind row houses,
in an alley near the Alameda,
I fell from my bottle of wine,
body before mind,
into the space between two trash-cans,
and lay there all night,
curled
in the only dream I have ever had.

2.

From the back of my mind,
old hags climb out onto the fire-escapes
and heave their garbage,
their vomit,
into the bottomless night;

out in front of me
somewhere,
two cats are struggling
over a small piece of concrete;
I cannot make them out,
but I can hear each one tear
the other's eyes.

3.

At the end of the alley,
this same alley where he used to walk
every afternoon;
where only last year,
his parts were shattered
into red dust
by the stroke of a wrecking-ball,
my old friend Paul,
the bricklayer,
walks, as he used to walk:
without eyes.

He stops at the corner of the building,
pulls from his pocket
a battered pen-knife,
and begins, again,
to scrape the blood-colored bricks,
trying to leave his name.

4.

There is a flash of light, so quick,
that only in my memory do I see it:
the roofs, the buildings and fire-escapes;
women reaching out from iron railings,
the last drops of puke hanging from their fingers;
two cats with pits for eyes;
my body balled up between the trash-cans;
everything
frozen in blue flames.

Then, as if someone had thrown a rock or ball
through a stained-glass window,
these pieces of my dream are shattered
into blue dust

5.

and I am standing with old Paul,
knee-deep in blue mist,
next to a statue
whose eyes must have been pecked out
by a million pigeons.

This is all.
We are alone
and we are silent,
and we are scratching our names
into the chest of the marble figure.

— chris paulis

The Night Nurse steals

The Night Nurse steals

into the room
and finds you still breathe.
She holds your wrist, it has a weak beat,
you might not last till morning.
She is prepared.
She brought pennies
to press to your eyelids
and weight them down.
(It is so hard to close them after death.)
She draws the sheet over your head
and wheels you to the hall
while she makes your bed.
Clean sheets for a new patient;
you wait in the hall all night.

In the morning,
she must take you back
so none can see you shrouded.
She is surprised to find you breathing
against her hand.
She lowers you into the bed,
takes back her pennies.

Your eyes flash open,
like searchlights they catch
the face of the Night Nurse.

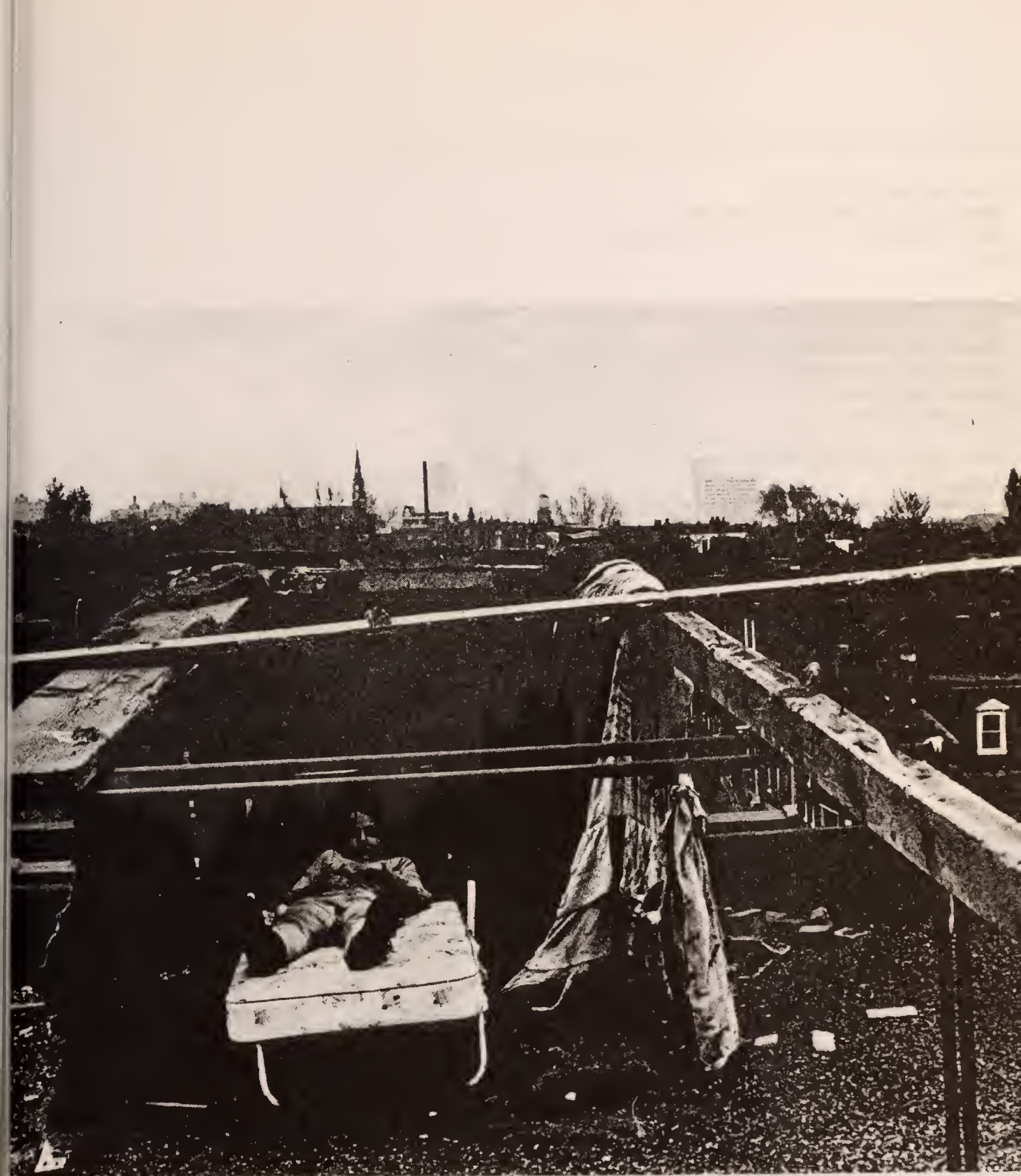
— rosemary beales



ned bernton



ned bernton



Cathy because you are my friend I write you this:

I am cold against this fall air
there is less and less warm in the wind
and the October leaves turn toward November.
I sit.

And I know you sit too,
alone for years
thinking of the cold inside,
and the fire in your eyes
colored like leaves.
It is almost winter.

I sense that of the deer in you.
A deep survival
tells you you have come too far
into the village.
Poised on fumbling legs, slowly,
you head back for the forest.
Back to the safe cold.

It is that of the deer in me
which understands you,
as I sit alone in front of fires
and watch as you amble away,
into the colored forest of flame
and snow.

— ritch kepler

I have heard noonday whistle
and evening stride sure as a giant
as a far train lows;
seen, in the morning,
fog gather and roll,
circled by sun;

I have stood in the canyon carved by a fallen star,
walked the coxcomb of mountain peaks;
have followed the flight of honking geese
and the forked hoofprint of the deer;

but never before have I traced this thin silver thread
of the snail's track
to where it sighs and disappears
in the weed-filled brush.

Down the sine curve of his wandering,
into the center of his gleaming,
the snail glistens me forward.
I follow, a hermit crab,
walking sideways into love.

— nancy prothro

arnie kramer



Tzi-Hsi

Tzi-Hsi,
unwise woman,
who spent the merchants' money
 neither on weapons,
 nor on warriors,
who left China no navy,
but one peach marble craft
 forever anchored
on a lake of the summer palace.
Tzi-Hsi, unwise woman, weary
 of Boxers
 and foreigners.
Foolish woman, foolish gesture.
The Industrial Revolution
averts its eyes
when it passes
your peach marble boat.

— w. a. gardiner

bubbles

In the shower you note
that the romans found the
art of bathtaking to be
sensuous.
we are less historically involved.
squeeze sponge. follow suds down
your back.
dried.
in the movies after sex
they always look toward
the ceiling, place the
ashtrays on the stomach.
smoke and confess.
in bed your neck arches
over wet towel. hair wets
the sheet. there are few
confessions.
i lick your ear carefully.
the soap mixes on tongue.
bubbles on my lips.

— elijah mirochnik



stanford barouh



wayloon chu

readings

The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. is the only area structure with a list of readings for winter/spring '73. The Library of Congress, the Jewish Community Center and the University of Maryland are in the process of arranging their schedules.

Here is the Folger listing:

Jan. 22 John Hawkes — poet

29 Henry Taylor — local poet from A.U.

*Feb. 19 Ann Darr — author of St. Ann's Gut
Bink Noel — from Beloit University*

Mar. 12 Colette Inez — poet-author of The

Woman Who Loved Words

Peter Klappert — poet-author of Lugging

Vegetables from Nantucket

Mar. 19 An evening with voayees magazine

Apr. 2 Michael Harper — Black poet

Besides the Folger, the Community Book Shop has poetry readings with an opportunity for people to read their own poetry. Every Monday night at 8 p.m. For more information call 833-8228.

calvert

Calvert has been brought to you by larry blonder, who jogged his way thru all the poetics, mike corlis, whose unending search for an honest haircut led to the cover photo, george kressley, the onetime kid from edge city who found happiness in collegeville, ruthellen quillen, whose cosmic guidance kept us from going sane, rich kepler, the mad artist who kept our still-life from staggering, don cook, our campus drop-in, and elijuh mirochnik, comma freak.

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